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CAPTURING THE RUSSIAN GUNS: SPLENDID PICTURE INSIDE.



A RUSSIAN PRIEST LEADING THE SOLDIERS OF THE CZAR.

In the great land battle of May 1, a Russian chaplain marched in front of the 11th Regiment bearing a cross.—(See "The Story of the War.")

LEACH'S CHILDREN'S DRESSMAKER.



**JUNE, 10:
GIVEN AWAY,
PATTERN OF
SAILOR BLOUSE
and SKIRT for
GIRL or BOY.**

CONTAINS:
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Medical Opinions on Deafness.

A medical discussion of great interest to deaf people is given in the last issue of the "Review of Ear, Nose, and Throat Diseases." Anyone whose hearing is failing should send for a free copy of this Medical Journal. Address all communications to The Editor, Drouet Institute, 10, Marble Arch, London, W. The Editor, however, advises patients, whenever possible, to attend the Institute for a personal examination during the Consultation hours—week-day mornings, 10 to 12; afternoons, 2 to 4. For personal consultations a fee of 5s. is charged.

HAVE YOU A BAD LEG?

WITH Wounds that discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation, and so swollen that when you press your finger on the inflamed part it leaves the impression! If so, under the skin you have poison which, if not extracted, will cause you suffering till death releases you. Perhaps your knees are swollen, the joints being ulcerated; the same with the ankles, round which the skin may be discoloured, or there may be wounds. The disease if allowed to continue will deprive you of the power to walk. You may have attended various hospitals, and had medical advice and been told your case is hopeless or advised to submit to amputation; but do not, for I CAN CURE YOU. I don't say perhaps; but I will. Numbers have consulted me and been cured, after suffering from one to twenty years. If possible, call, or send a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. to ALBERT, 78a, Farringdon Street, London, and you will receive a box of

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THE STORY OF THE WAR

RECORDED FROM WEEK TO WEEK.

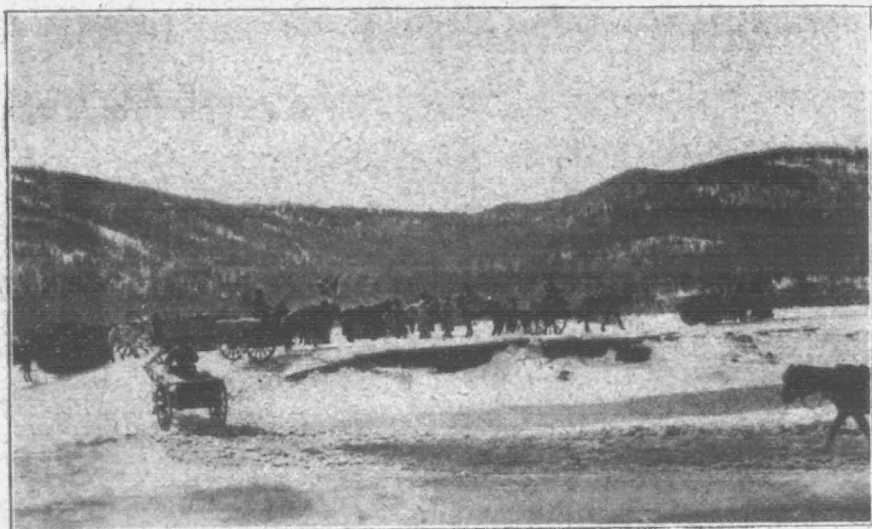
WE gave last week an account of the big battle which took place on May 1. From the first report it was apparent that the Japanese had won a great victory over the Russians, and details which have come to hand since abundantly confirm that idea. Both in lives and guns the Russian losses are greater than was at first supposed. The report, dated May 3, from General Kuropatkin, which follows completes the story of (to Russia) disastrous May 1.

According to the report of General Sassulitch the battle of May 1 at Turen-chen was fought in the following circumstances. The 12th and 22nd Regiments and the 2nd and 3rd Batteries of the Sixth Brigade of Artillery were the troops engaged. The battle began with heavy cannonading on our right flank by siege guns at Wija and field batteries on the islands. After a lull the firing was resumed with extraordinary violence against the left flank of our main position at Turen-chen and our position at Potentytsi. A fusillade was also begun by small parties of Japanese across the river Aiho. The situation of the defenders of the positions became more and more difficult, especially at Potentytsi, which was bombarded on the front and both flanks. Thirty Japanese guns were pitted against our battery at Potentytsi, which, after having silenced the enemy's mountain battery, directed its fire on the Japanese infantry, and sustained few losses so long as it was not obliged to take up another position owing to the withdrawal of our infantry from the bank.

Japanese Dead in Heaps.

"The Japanese under our fire made continual attacks with fresh troops, but without having

with the attack at Potentytsi an attack was being made on the left flank at Turen-chen (Kiu-lien-



THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR: RUSSIAN MEDICAL STAFF CROSSING RIVER AT PETROVSK.

cheng), and the Russian trenches had to be abandoned under the enfilading fire of the Japanese. Our reserves several times mingled

firing-line, thus permitting our advanced line, which had suffered heavily, and our wounded to retire. The battalions of the 11th Regiment, both flanks of which were turned by the enemy several times, advanced with fixed bayonets, and preceded by buglers, to clear a passage. The Japanese, however, declined a hand-to-hand conflict and recoiled. In front of the regiment was the chaplain bearing a cross. He was struck by two bullets. It was only by advancing on the Japanese with the bayonet that the 11th Regiment was able to extricate itself. On the arrival of a battalion of the 10th Regiment all the troops were able to beat a retreat.

Whole Batteries Lost.

"The losses of the 11th and 12th Regiments were very great, and are not yet exactly known. In the 11th Regiment the killed included Colonel Laming and Lieutenant-Colonels Dometti and Rafevsky. The 12th Regiment lost nine company commanders, killed or wounded. The 2nd and 3rd Batteries of the Sixth Brigade, having lost the greater number of their men and horses, could not bring away their guns, and abandoned them after rendering them useless. For the same reason the six guns of the 3rd Battery and eight Poulmettes could not be brought away, and they were also disabled. The mountainous nature of the country rendered it impossible to save the guns by means of drag-ropes. Up to the present



THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR: SLEDGE OF A RUSSIAN MEDICAL OFFICER ON LAKE BAIKAL.

recourse to the bayonet. Japanese bodies lay in heaps at the fords of the river. Simultaneously with the first line, thus enabling it for a long time to maintain its position. Finally all the supports



THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR: DIFFICULTIES OF RUSSIAN TRANSPORT.

THE STATE OF THE COMMUNICATIONS IN MANCHURIA IS GIVING THE RUSSIANS THE EXTREMEST ANXIETY. OWING TO THE SOFT STATE OF THE ROADS, THE GREATEST DISTANCE COVERED BY A WHEELED TRANSPORT IS ONLY FIVE MILES A DAY.

TYPES OF JAPANESE AND RUSSIAN SOLDIERS: DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

800 wounded, including fourteen officers, have been brought into the hospital at Feng-wang-cheng. Their eventual transport elsewhere is fully assured. The Japanese cavalry appeared to the south-east of Feng-wang-cheng, but, seeing two companies with two guns opposed to it, did not venture to approach. The transport of the wounded by hired Chinese bearers to Feng-wang-cheng was very difficult. Two-wheeled carts and horses lent by the cavalry were also utilised for bringing in the wounded. Most of these, however, arrived on foot, assisted by their comrades, and reached Feng-wang-cheng within twenty-four hours. General Sassulitch declares that the troops retained their moral notwithstanding their heavy losses.

As to the naval situation at the latter place, Admiral Togo, in his report of the bottling operations at Port Arthur, on May 3, says: "The entrance is considered effectively blocked, at least for cruisers and battle-ships. The crews of the sunken steamers showed great bravery, and suffered much loss of life. About half of them were saved. One torpedo-boat had her steam-pipe burst, killing three men; another had her port engines disabled."

Regarding the attack referred to, many details have come to hand. Here is an interesting message: It was shortly before two that warning was given of the approach of Japanese fire-ships. A searchlight was seen playing from the sea upon the entrance to the harbour, as if



THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR: COSSACKS CROSSING FROZEN LAKE BAIKAL.

and are ready for fresh engagements. The Japanese losses were very heavy at the passage of the Ai-ho, at their position at Turen-chen, and on the hill occupied by the two battalions of the 11th Regiment. According to the statements of men who took part in the battle, at least three to four thousand were killed."

Port Arthur's Doom Sealed.

That the fate of Port Arthur will be to fall into the hands of the Japs there can be little doubt. Ten thousand men, forming part of the Second Army, disembarked on May 5 at Pitse-wo, about eighty miles north-east of Port Arthur, and have occupied the railway line connecting the port with Mukden. Since then the Japs have been busy. They have forced the Russians to abandon Newchwang, while a Shanghai telegram says that the Japs have captured Dalny, about twenty miles from Port Arthur.

showing the Japanese ships the way. The electric projectors from one of the Russian forts were immediately in motion, and for a quarter of an hour kept inquisitive watch. Then the second cannonade of this troubled night began. The heaviest fire being directed to the left of Golden Hill, where the fire-ships had been desecrated. It was not until four in the morning that the batteries finally ceased fire save for an occasional shot. About dawn the bark of quick-firing guns was heard with the crackling of mitrailleuses from the direction of Golden Hill, whence there came also reports of explosions as if mines were being blown up. The Japanese ships had struck into the midst of the Russian mines. As day was just breaking, those who watched from the shore saw a magnificent sea picture. In the soft light of the waning moon the orange flashes from the guns crossed the purple fires of the signal-rockets, casting ever-changing tints on the steel-coloured



Photo. "Topical."
THE CHAMPION COTTAGE GARDENER,
CHARLES BRIDGEWATER, OF WITLEY,
WHO, ACCORDING TO EXPERTS, HAS THE FINEST
COTTAGE GARDEN IN ENGLAND.

sea. The Japanese fire-ships were ten in number, and were of about 3000 tons each. Very few of the crew of the fire-ships were saved, and in the morning a number of dead bodies were found floating outside the harbour. This last attempt of the Japanese to block the harbour entrance was on a much grander scale than any heretofore, but the moonlight was against them and led to their discomfiture. The Russians acknowledge that the enemy attacked in brilliant style, seeming never to notice the murderous fire which greeted them. Two Japanese officers and thirty men were captured. It is reported that twelve fire-ships were originally prepared by the Japanese, but for some unknown reason two vessels never attempted to gain the entrance. On the fire-ships were a number of Japanese cadets, who displayed extraordinary bravery. As the ships were sinking several of these lads dashed aloft, and, sitting on the crossbeams of the topmasts, fired their revolvers at the enemy before they plunged into the sea.

AN ECLIPSING RECORD OF FAT-REDUCTION.

"Antipon's" Supreme and Permanent Power

By this time the English-speaking world has become fairly familiar with the word "Antipon," as representing the most marvellously successful remedy for the permanent cure of obesity that has ever been discovered. The testimony which has already been published in the Press and elsewhere is of a sufficiently remarkable character, but the letter recently addressed by an Anglo-Indian lady to the Army and Navy Stores of Bombay, and forwarded to the "Antipon" Company by Mr. W. John Dien, Manager of the Bombay branch of the Army and Navy Society, Ltd., eclipses all previous records in the matter of radical fat-reduction. We herewith quote this striking letter—

"22nd February, 1904.

"The Manager, Army and Navy Stores, Bombay.
"DEAR SIR,—Please send me a larger bottle of 'Antipon.' . . . When I started 'Antipon' I was 246 lb. in weight, and the reduction since starting it is 246 (61½ lb.), for I am only 184½ lb. I now can take a mile walk with ease. Besides its reducing qualities, another recommendation is its—

POWER OF REDUCING GRACEFULLY.

"for my skin is quite tightened, and not flaccid in the least. My heart, which is diseased, is stronger, and its beating healthier. Besides, I have an excellent appetite, and have no fear of eating anything, and I have never restricted myself in any form of diet."

Here, then, we have a perfectly authenticated testimonial, which supports every claim that has been made for the supreme merits and powers of "Antipon," not only as an extraordinary fat-reducer, but as

A TONIC AND A STRENGTHENER,

promoting appetite and assisting digestion, and bringing about the most beneficial effect upon the general health.

Many equally enthusiastic letters are received weekly by the "Antipon" Company, and carefully filed for reference lest any doubt should be expressed as to their genuineness. The evidence in favour of "Antipon" is therefore positively conclusive. It should also be stated here that the ingredients of "Antipon," which are entirely non-mineral, and free from any harmful substance, have been very scrupulously investigated by a number of eminent doctors, and have received the unanimous approval and warm support of those authorities. The process of manufacture, however, being quite special and extremely complicated, is known only to the sole manufacturers, the "Antipon" Company. Thus there can be no possible successful substitute for this epoch-making remedy.

"Antipon" is not a long-drawn-out treatment requiring assistance from drugging, sweating, and a semi-starvation diet. On the contrary, it is

A TREATMENT IN ITSELF,

needing no departure from one's rational daily habits; and the increased amount of wholesome food taken (owing to the splendid tonic effects of the preparation) helps rapidly to build up health and strength as fast as the superfluous and diseased fat is being expelled—not only the layers of superabundant abdominal and sub-cutaneous fat, but those dangerous deposits of internal adipose that clog the organs and interfere with their free and healthy action. A single bottle of "Antipon" will prove its reductive properties: for within a day and a night of taking the first dose there is a decrease which, in common cases of obesity, varies between 8 oz. and 3 lb. In the more serious cases the decrease is often more pronounced still. Day by day the reduction continues satisfactorily, until, with complete restoration to normal weight and elegant proportions, together with renewed health and vigour, the doses may be discontinued without fear of a redevelopment of the symptoms of obesity. "Antipon" makes a stout person

LOOK AND FEEL MANY YEARS YOUNGER.

It is pleasant to the taste, easy to take (being a liquid), and causes no stomachic or other trouble. "Antipon" is sold by Chemists, Stores, etc., in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., from stock or on order; or, in case of disappointment, may be obtained, on sending amount, post free, privately packed, direct from the "Antipon" Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

WARM PRAISE FROM THE PRESS.

Illustrated London News.

"'Antipon' not only speedily absorbs and throws out of the system all superabundant adipose matter, but increases strength and vitality."

The Lady's Pictorial.

"To reduce superabundant fat is of vital importance. The wonderful new fat-absorbent known as 'Antipon' performs this work promptly, safely, and with permanent effect. It goes to the very root of the evil; the cure is complete and permanent."

The Sketch.

"This pleasant, rational, and most efficacious remedy may be warmly recommended to stout persons of both sexes, as much for health's sake as for the attainment of perfect elegance of figure."

Methodist Recorder.

"It is satisfactory to know that the new cure, 'Antipon,' is the practical result of a specialist's researches and discoveries, so that reliance can be placed upon its efficacy."

Penny Illustrated Paper.

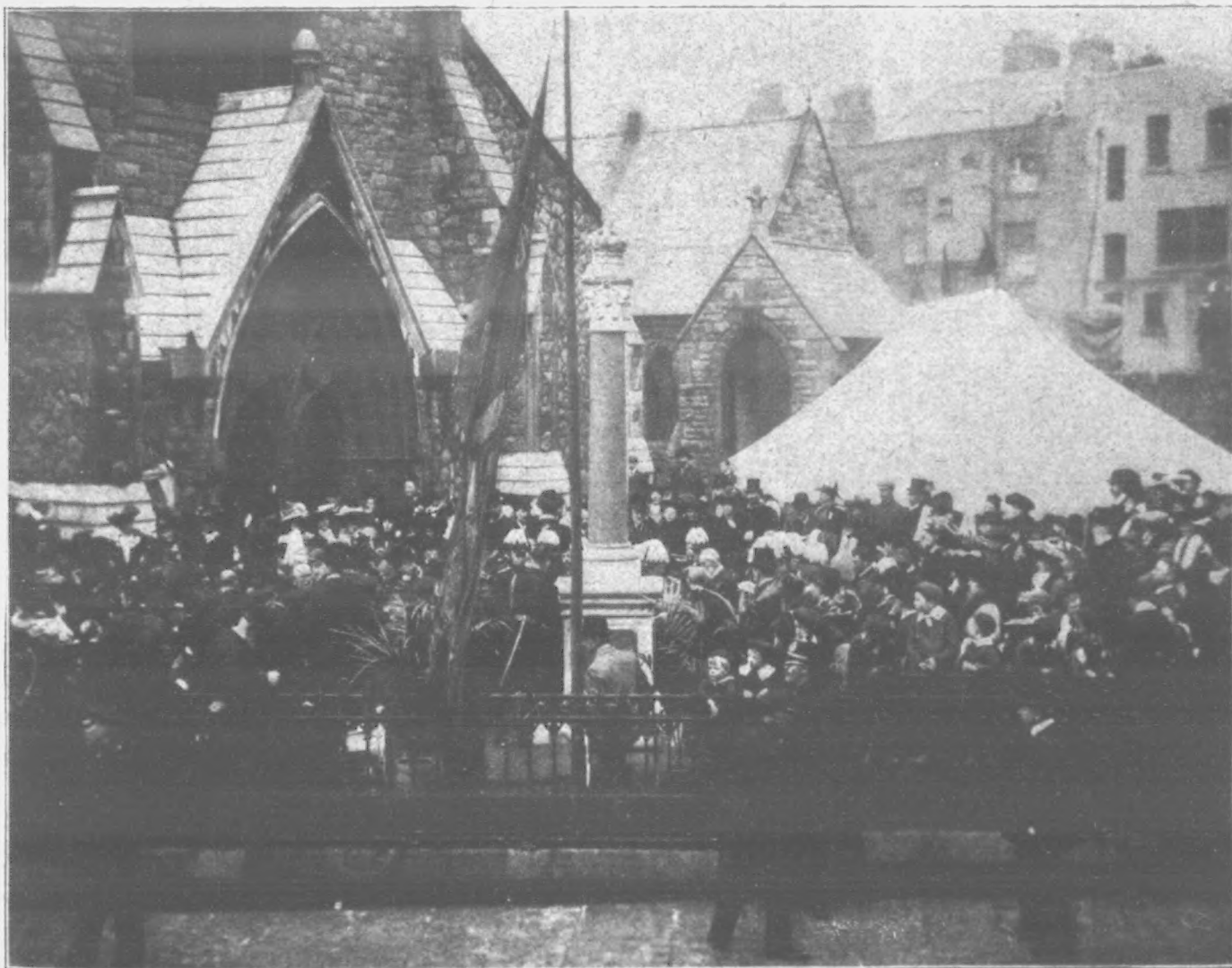
"In 'Antipon,' the great new permanent cure for corpulence, the world is made richer by a marvellous discovery."

Weldon's Ladies' Journal.

"Readers troubled with embonpoint will find in 'Antipon' a reliable and permanent cure, exceedingly pleasant to take, without incurring any distressing restrictions as to diet."

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Requests for further information or advice will at all times receive prompt attention. All correspondence regarded as strictly confidential.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT UNVEILING A MEMORIAL IN ST. ANDREW'S CHURCHYARD, DUBLIN, TO MEN OF THE 74TH (DUBLIN) COMPANY IMPERIAL YEOMANRY WHO FELL IN THE BOER WAR.

THIS WAS THE LAST PUBLIC FUNCTION PERFORMED BY THE DUKE BEFORE LEAVING IRELAND.

MANY HUMOROUS DRAWINGS BY CELEBRATED ARTISTS.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

THE King at Aldershot.—The King, with the Duke of Connaught, journeyed to Aldershot on Monday to witness tactical manoeuvres by the 1st Army Corps. The King and the Duke entered a military motor at Farnborough Station, and were driven to the area of operations. His Majesty saw the cavalry brigade move up the Long Valley to defend the Basingstoke Canal, and then went to Cove Hill to witness the infantry attack on the bridges.

British Victories in Tibet.—Details are to hand of two battles fought by the British force in Tibet on May 5 and 6. In the first fight, Colonel Younghusband and the escort of the Mission were attacked at dawn by about seven hundred Tibetans at Gyantse. After lasting two hours, the attack was repulsed, the enemy losing 250 killed and wounded. Our casualties were two wounded. On the following morning, the British force moved out of camp to drive the Tibetans from the positions they occupied two miles below the Kuro Pass. A fight lasting six hours followed. The enemy were men of gigantic stature, and outnumbered the British force seven times. They showed extraordinary tenacity in holding a wall which they had built across the entrance to the pass, and their position was further strengthened by sangars on the right and left flanks, whence a raking fire could be directed on our advance. One British officer—Captain Bethune—and three men were killed, while twenty-one men were wounded. Captain Bethune lost his life while leading a body of Sikhs, who rushed a difficult position held by the enemy. The Tibetans were finally routed, their losses being about two hundred killed and wounded.

Army and Navy Items.—The *Dilwara*, it has now been arranged, will leave Southampton on June 8 with reinforcing drafts for South Africa, and will call at Queenstown. She will bring home the 7th Dragoon Guards and the 1st Battalion of the Welsh Regiment. An Army Order says that when a soldier is in debt, either to the officer commanding his company or to the public, the issue of cash to him must not exceed sixpence a day, except in special cases. Major G. C. Nugent, who has just been promoted to second in command of the 1st Irish Guards, was originally in the Grenadiers. At one time he was Commandant of the Auxiliary School of Instruction at Chelsea. He served on the Staff at the commencement of the South African War, at the actions of Belmont, Enslin, Modder River, and Magerfontein, in the advance on Kimberley, also at Paardeberg, Foplar Grove, and Driefontein. The fund for the Union Jack Club, including donations



Photo. W. A. Bonck.

THE ALLEGED TURF SLANDER: SHREWTON, WHERE MR. SIEVIER TRAINS HIS RACEHORSES.

MR. SIEVIER IS SEEN ON THE RIGHT OF PICTURE WATCHING HIS TEAM RETURNING FROM EXERCISE.

promised and received, now amounts to £30,634. Rear-Admiral McLeod has received a communication from the King, expressing his high appreciation of the naval arrangements made in connection with his visit to Ireland, and of the smart appearance of the men. The composite sloop *Swallow*, built nineteen years ago at a cost of £78,993, and recently sold by auction for £4000, has been towed from Sheerness to Ireland to be broken up. Although the cruiser *St. George* was commissioned in March for the South Atlantic Station, her voyage has been delayed owing to her engines being out of alignment and two of her cylinders cracked. The second-class cruiser *Juno*, which has been temporarily under the orders of Rear-Admiral Sir A. B. Milne for duty in escorting the King and Queen, has returned to Sheerness to give leave to her crew and to complete preparations for the reassembling of the Home Fleet. The Secretary for the Admiralty has informed Mr. L. V. Harcourt, M.P., that the annual average cost of maintaining in commission a first-class battle-ship of, say, 13,000 tons, is, approximately, as follows: Full pay, wages, etc., of officers and crew, £40,309; victualling, £14,604; coal, £23,600; stores and repairs, £30,498; naval ordnance stores, £3500; or, in round figures, £94,000.

Death of Sir H. M. Stanley.—Sir Henry M. Stanley, the famous African explorer, the "discoverer of David Livingstone," died at six o'clock on Tuesday morning at his residence in Richmond Terrace, Whitehall. The famous explorer had been in a weak state of health for some months past, and a fortnight ago he caught a chill which resulted in a severe attack of pleurisy. Lady Stanley was with her husband at the end. Sir Henry was sixty-three years of age. Before he died Sir Henry expressed a wish that he should be buried at his country seat, Furze Hill, Fibrigh, but nothing, up to the time of our going to press, has been definitely settled. The question is being discussed as to whether the dead explorer should be buried by the side of Dr. Livingstone in Westminster Abbey. A large number of telegrams of condolence have been received by Lady Stanley.

Arrest of Mr. Hooley.—Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley was arrested at the Albemarle Hotel on Tuesday morning. Three detectives arrived at the hotel at half-past ten o'clock. On inquiring for Mr. Hooley they were informed that he was at breakfast with his secretary. They were asked to wait until he had finished, and consented to do so. A quarter of an hour later Chief Inspector Frost proceeded to Mr. Hooley's room and arrested him. He cheerfully welcomed the detectives. His only remark to Mr. Frost was, "That is all right." After a few minutes' conversation the party left the hotel. A four-wheeler was waiting outside, and in this they drove away. Later in the day a second arrest was effected, Mr. Henry J. Lawson,

a company promoter, being taken into custody in Queen Victoria Street. Mr. Lawson made no reply to the police officer, Detective-Sergeant Burch. Both prisoners were

charged together at Bow Street with conspiracy to defraud in connection with several companies in which both Mr. Hooley and Mr. Lawson have been connected.

Canning Town Tragedy.—At a house in Star Street, Canning Town, a terrible tragedy was enacted last week, a ship's fireman named Henry William Cooper first killing a woman named Margaret Holme, by cutting her throat with a razor, and then attempting his own life. The couple had been living together for some time, and only a few weeks ago a quarrel had brought them into the police-court. Early last Thursday morning screams were heard proceeding from their room. The police were called, and on arriving they had to force back the two bodies before they could enter. The blood-splashed walls and disordered furniture showed that the woman had made a desperate struggle for life. Cooper was conveyed to the hospital in a state of collapse.

The Upton Park Murders.—At West Ham Police Court William James Folkard was charged on remand with feloniously murdering his two children on the 24th ult., and he was further charged with attempting to commit suicide. Mr. W. H. Cowl said that prisoner was not in a fit state to say anything, so he—Mr. Cowl—would say formally on his behalf that he would reserve his defence and call no witnesses. The accused was committed for trial.

The Richmond Tragedy.—An inquest was held at Richmond by Dr. Taylor on Reginald Hedley, aged forty-one, and Alfred Thomas Hedley, aged four, his son, who were found shot in an attic at 27, Onslow Road, Richmond, on May 1. Mr. Basil Hedley identified the body of the man as that of his brother, and said he had never seen the child. He had last seen his brother two years ago. Sometimes he was cheerful, at other times very despondent and morose, generally about his own health, which had been failing since 1888. Deceased imagined that he would get into financial difficulties, and had said he thought he would not be able to bring the boy up to any profession. In reply to the coroner, witness said his brother's monetary troubles were much exaggerated. It was true he had overdrawn his account at Coutts's, but the bank held his securities, and they did not trouble him in the least. In two months' time he could have cleared up the matter. After hearing other evidence, the jury found that the boy was wilfully murdered by his father, who afterwards committed suicide while temporarily insane.

The Pollard Divorce Sequel.—At Bow Street on Saturday last Sir A. De Rutzen resumed the hearing of the charges against Slater's Detective Agency, George



THE CANNING TOWN TRAGEDY:
THE HOUSE IN STAR STREET WHERE THE CRIME
WAS COMMITTED.

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THE CHARGE AGAINST SLATER'S DETECTIVE AGENCY: SPECIAL "P.I.P." SKETCHES AT BOW STREET.

ALL THE SOCIAL AND THEATRICAL NEWS OF THE WEEK.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

Philip Henry, Albert Osborn, John Pracey (otherwise John Bray), Frederick Stanley Davies, and Cyril Broughton Smith, who are charged with conspiring to obstruct and pervert the true course of law and justice in the Pollard divorce case. Osborn, according to a statement made by the prosecuting counsel at the previous hearing, was further charged with unlawfully soliciting and procuring a young woman, named Maud Goodman, to give false evidence at the hearing of the divorce case. Mr. Mais, a Divorce Court official, was recalled, and produced a list of some of the documents put in during the hearing of the case Pollard v. Pollard. Mr. Guy Stephenson, for the Treasury, asked witness if the documents themselves were impounded by order of the President of the Divorce Court. Mr. C. F. Gill, representing Mr. Osborn, objected to anything the President said being put on the depositions. The objection was upheld. George Fielding, a pensioned police-sergeant, who was in the employ of Slater's Agency from 1895 to 1903, was next called. He practically repeated the same evidence he had given in the High Court, and described the constitution of Slater's Agency. After cross-examination by Mr. Gill the hearing was adjourned.

Sensational Slander Action.—In the King's Bench Division, before Mr. Justice Grantham and a special jury, Mr. Robert Standish Sievier sought to recover damages for slander from Sir James Duke, Bart. Mr. Eldon Bankes, K.C., and Mr. Norman Craig appeared for the plaintiff. Mr. Lawson Walton, K.C., Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., and Mr. E. F. Spence represented the defendant. Sir James Duke is alleged to have said that Mr. Sievier is a murderer, a cardsharp, and a thief, and that he made money by Sceptre not winning the Derby. Defendant denied that the words complained of were spoken or published by him, that they did not bear the interpretation placed upon them, and that they were spoken upon a privileged occasion. Major Sellar, of the 4th Dragoon Guards, gave evidence as to the defendant having come to him at the Raleigh Club, into which he had taken Mr. Sievier, and complained

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

THE production of the "Bride and Bridegroom" at the New Theatre led to a regrettable scene between Sir Charles Wyndham and the gallery, but I cannot declare that Sir Charles was entirely free from blame. He was hardly successful in his parley with the "gods," which reminded me of a similar scene at the Criterion years ago, when he fixed upon a denizen of the gallery who wore a white hat. But the occupants of the gallery at the New Theatre surpassed all others in the use of coarse language. The incident ended in a police court, and a young man was bound over to keep the peace for three months. I can sympathise with Sir Charles; but, after all, if he had simply lowered the lights the disturbers would have quitted the theatre. As for the play, it was not particularly good or particularly bad, and in some scenes was applauded warmly.

During the last few years we have frequently heard, on first nights, of "organised opposition," and some have been puzzled as to the origin of the phrase. It arose out of the production of a play called "Jacks and Jills" at the Vaudeville Theatre in May 1880. Mr.

Camilla Clifford are the principal gems in this shining circle, and they have arrived in London ready to captivate our playgoers on Saturday next.

This week will see the last performance of "His Excellency the Governor" at Wyndham's. On Saturday Miss Ethel Barrymore will appear in the three-act comedy, "Cynthia," being supported by Messrs. Gerald Du Maurier, Charles Groves, Miss Margaret Fraser, Miss Cowen, and other well-known performers.

I hear that the popularity of "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," at the Imperial Theatre, continues to increase, and I do not wonder, for it is a good piece, and the acting of Mr. Lewis Waller would make a far worse play successful. "Monsieur Beaucaire" was very popular; but the present play has brought £100 per week more to the treasury.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell will give two "flying matinees" at Ealing and at Brighton, and on Monday next she commences a suburban tour at Kennington with "The Second Mrs. Tanager." She will be assisted by Messrs. Aubrey Smith, Kelly, Orlando Daly, and the Misses Alexander, Rose Dupré, and Ada Webster. In

Janglelow, the great lofty wire ride expert, can all be firmly relied upon to diversify the entertainment. Mlle. Pilar Morin and her company perform a Japanese play, "O Mat San"; acrobatic monkeys are exhibited by Mlle. Raffin; and Hélène and Emilion, French trapezists and gymnasts, perform in mid-air. Further attractions will be announced from time to time.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert has not produced one of his whimsical pieces for more than eight years. "The Grand Duke," the last I remember of his operatic books, ran for four months at the Savoy, but gave me the impression that his extraordinary flow of wit and humour did not come so spontaneously as usual. But in "The Fairy's Dilemma," at the Garrick, it was clear that this prolific author was not "played out," and the brightness and drollery of the first acts pleased so much that at the close the curtain was raised repeatedly. The demon and fairy of old-fashioned pantomime were caricatured in a most amusing fashion. But it is curious to remember that Mr. Gilbert thirty-seven years ago wrote a pantomime himself. It was called "Harlequin Cock Robin." His career on the stage commenced with the burlesque of "Dulcamara; or, The Little Duck and the Great Quack." It was produced in 1866 at the St.



THE GREAT TURF CASE.—SIEVIER v. DUKE: SPECIAL "P.I.P." SKETCHES AT THE LAW COURTS

that he—witness—should have brought such a person there. Defendant then spoke, in effect, the libels complained of. Plaintiff went into the box, and denied that there was any truth in the charges made against him. They "were all utterly false—they were lies." It was not true that Sceptre was "pulled." He had owned horses for twenty-five years in various countries, and had never been before the stewards. Cross-examined by Mr. Lawson Walton, he denied that he was ever thrown into the water or ducked for cheating at cards. He had no recollection of an action in which a man named Horne refused to meet a cheque for £500, made payable to Lady Mabel Sievier, on the ground that he had been tricked in a game of cards when drunk. He emphatically denied that Mr. Riph Sneyd accused him of being well known to the police at Monte Carlo in connection with some card-playing scandal with Horne. On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Sievier left the box, after a cross-examination lasting nearly four days. Mr. Lawson Walton then opened the case for the defence.

Vicar as Workman.—The Rev. J. H. E. Bailey, the Vicar of Whitwick St. George, with Swanington, a poor colliery district in Leicestershire, has just accomplished the remarkable feat of restoring, mainly by his own manual labour, his dilapidated church, which has just been reopened by the Bishop of Leicester. The record of the work accomplished by the Vicar with his own hands, is remarkable. Day by day for over two and a half years he has adopted the dress and done the work of skilled artisans, in addition to preaching to his people.

Champion Cottage Gardener.—The picturesque little village of Witley has the honour of numbering among its folk one Charles Bridgewater, who has just been presented with the Silver Knightian Medal of the Royal Horticultural Society, having secured the highest number of points in the county of Surrey for the excellence of his cottage gardening. On the authority of experts, his garden is the finest of its kind in England. This is the first time the Knightian medal has ever been presented to any man in any county for successful work in cottage gardening, and the society has been in existence just one hundred years.

Albery, the author, being annoyed at the reception of the piece, suggested that it was owing to an "organised opposition." The audience demanded an apology, but the author would not withdraw his statement; and the play was withdrawn. Since that day the phrase has been frequently employed on the occasions when authors and audiences failed to agree. The worst of these disputes is that the bitterness increases with time.

The New Theatre will be closed on the night when Sir Charles Wyndham takes the chair at the dinner of the Ophthalmic Hospital. The dispute respecting the "Bride and Bridegroom" has subsided, and I hope so generous a supporter of local charities as Sir Charles will be better treated in future.

"The Prince of Pilsen," set down for Saturday next at the Shaftesbury Theatre, is a musical comedy in two acts, written by Mr. Frank Pixley and composed by Mr. Gustave Luders. It has had extraordinary success in New York, owing partly, I have no doubt, to the attractive young ladies who appear in the piece. They have been chosen from all parts of the United States, and from what I hear they possess personal attractions of the most fascinating kind. The Misses Mabel Wilbur, Zazora Porter, Molly McGrath, Mabel Deane, Ida Stanhope, Mabel Spencer, Ensa Jensen, Nellie Adams, and

three weeks' time Mrs. Campbell will produce the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton's new play at the Camden Theatre.

Mr. Leigh has not lost his faith in Shakspeare. After the revival of "Timon of Athens" he promises "Richard the Third" and "Othello." In the first-named play he will use Shakspeare's text instead of the version of Colley Cibber which was greatly in vogue in the "palmy days." When Sir Henry Irving played Richard so admirably at the Lyceum he discarded many of the old wheezes introduced by actors of the past.

"La Scala," a high-class Continental theatre of varieties, which was opened at the Earl's Court Exhibition on May 11, should prove a novel surprise and attraction for Londoners. A guarantee of the excellent programme that is being submitted thrice daily, lies in the fact that the sole direction of "La Scala" is in the hands of Mr. George Ashton, of the well-known Royal Box Office, in Bond Street. Many of the leading Italian, French, Spanish, and other European artists have been retained in order to ensure the attractiveness "of infinite variety" during the season. A troupe of Italian lady dancers trained by Madame Cavallazzi and Signor Coppi; Les Ados, the Olympian acrobats; Les Guy Gontran, French eccentrics; Les Galliets, Franco-Spanish duettists; and

James's Theatre, and was a laughable caricature of Donizetti's opera "L'Elisir d'Amore." Mr. Gilbert was one of the most successful writers of rhymed couplets after the manner of the old school of burlesque. His travesty of "Norma; or, The Pretty Druidess," had some clever lines addressed by Norma to some ladies who take stalls at a bazaar. They are really a parody of Hamlet's advice to the players, and run thus—

With pretty speech accost both old and young,
And speak it trippingly upon the tongue;
But if you mouth it with a hoarse, harsh laugh,
With clumsy ogling and uneasy chaff—
As I have oft seen done at fancy fairs,
I had as lief a huckster sold my wares,
Oh, there be ladies whom I've seen hold stalls—
Ladies of rank, my dear—to whom befalls
Neither the accent nor the gait of ladies;
So clumsily made-up with Bloom of Cadiz,
Powder-rose, lip-silver, that I've fancied them
They were the work of Nature's journeymen.

As I foreshadowed last week, the theatres and music-halls appear like to come to an agreement respecting the sketch question. One suggestion from the theatrical side has much to recommend it. The proposition is that the sketches "shall be original and expressly written for the halls." Hitherto the plan has been to condense some popular play, turning three or even four acts into one, presenting a mere skeleton of the original. This was manifestly unfair. THE PROMPTER.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

CRICKETERS have precious little to thank the month of May for this year. It came in brightly enough, but the early promise was but a phantom, and woollen garments have been gladly taken advantage of by the men in the field. Perhaps this had something to do with Gilbert Jessop getting a brace of "duck's eggs" last week, for the first time in his career, though, from what I was told by a prominent amateur who was on the opposite side, it was lack of judgment that caused a second "blob" to be placed against his name. Be that as it may, the weather has been no friend of batsman, bowler, or fieldman.

Having touched on the match in which Jessop got his two ciphers, I must necessarily mention another noteworthy performance in the same game. W. W. Odell has done many good bowling feats in his time, but never anything to equal his capture of fourteen wickets for 103 runs in such a match as M.C.C. v. London County. The Marylebone men were quite at his mercy at times, and it only goes to show how uncertain a game cricket is when it is pointed out that against Lancashire on Monday he was freely hit.

We are not likely to be troubled much by the "time limit" scheme, I take it, after the inglorious inauguration of that idea at Leeds last week. Mr. H. Turner, the father of the "time limit," is stated to be still of opinion that it is the only means of removing the objections to modern cricket, and "he proposes in future to ignore time gained or lost except through the intervention of rain." Does he?

A sufficient answer to his pet scheme was the indifference of the public to the Yorkshire v. Notts match. Only a very small sum was taken at the gate during the whole three days at Leeds, and the players had to perform practically to "an empty house." I grant you that the fact that Yorkshire always held the whip hand of their opponents took a deal from the interest of the contest, but it does not account for everything. The notorious sad of the net at Lord's went by the board, and I do not think the "time limit" will fare any better.

Cold as the weather was on Monday, it did not deter spectators from going to see "Plum" Warner's team commence their match against the Rest of England. And what a reception the "Ashes" team got! Every man was cordially cheered as he went to the wicket (Warner had won the toss), and it seemed a pity that Strudwick, Relf, and Fielder could not share in the general welcome. But somebody had to stand down, and the three mentioned were out of the team. The "Rest" had not C. B. Fry, nor A. O. Jones, nor Iremonger; and of the others who were called upon to be present, W. Brearley and Blythe stood down in favour of Lockwood and Hargreave.

Some fine play was seen on the part of Hayward, Tyldesley, and Hirst. Tyldesley played a really great innings of 76, and though not taking liberties, he never let a loose ball go without punishment. He was batting altogether about two hours and a half, and his eleven fours, being at length out to a beautiful catch by Hargreave, who brought off a wonderful effort. Hayward played in his usual finished style, his 43 being quite free from fault; and George Hirst roused the enthusiasm of the 10,000 spectators to the highest pitch during a merry innings of 51, some of his pulls making the onlookers gape with astonishment. The "Ashes" team, in making 300 against Lockwood, Hargreave, Jack Hearn, J. Gunn, and F. S. Jackson, only bore out their reputation.

Great cricket cannot be expected of Hampshire when they are not at full strength, and the side out a sorry figure before Surrey at the Oval on Monday, even though the home side were minus Lockwood, Hayward, Abel, and Richardson, the latter two of whom were suffering from chills. Hesketh-Prichard and Langford bowled fairly well against Surrey, who were all out for 218, Hayes getting 55 and Lord Dalmeny (who is a better bat than I gave him credit for) 39. Then Hampshire had a painful experience, and before the deadly deliveries of Walter Lees they simply curled up, being all out for 63. The bowler named captured eight wickets for two runs apiece, his full figures being 20 overs, 12 maidens, 16 runs, 8 wickets! Some of his friends abroad will be pleased to hear of his wonderful feat.

Another noteworthy performance was that of R. H. Spooner, who, going in first for Lancashire in company with Garnett at Leicester on Monday, hit up 123 in his best form. As usual he made most of his runs by hard drives, but he also cut neatly, and but for one chance his display was faultless. H. G. Garnett made him a valuable partner, helping to put on 134 runs for the first wicket, while I'Anson assisted him in adding 113 for the fifth. When A. C. MacLaren, Tyldesley, A. Eccles, and L. O. S. Polden got in the team, Lancashire will want a lot of getting out.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

Alfred Shrubbs once more! The champion duly put in an appearance at the Herne Hill Harriers' sports last Saturday



SURREY v. LONDON COUNTY AT THE OVAL: W. G. GRACE BATTING TO LEES' BOWLING.

at Redhill, where there was quite an array of champions, ex-champions, and record-holders at running and walking over various distances. Outside the Championship meeting itself, I very much doubt if ever such a "crack" crowd foregathered at one enclosure. In addition to Shrubbs, there were A. Aldridge, Joe Binks, C. McLachlan, L. F. Tremmer, G. Still, B. J. Blunden, J. Butler, E. Knott, and J. E. Deakin among the competitors.

Most interest attached to the three miles inter-club race, in which Shrubbs again showed a clean pair of heels to his opponents, and, leading from end to end, finally won by 50 yards from Aldridge, who must devoutly wish that Shrubbs had shone at some other period instead of being

included most of the best men now riding, A. L. Reed, S. F. Wills, L. Meredith, Buck, and Janson being of the number. The principal race was the one-hour contest for bicycles paced by motor-cycles. This fell to C. V. Clark, who won somewhat easily, covering 31 miles 860 yards. J. Poncione was second, and H. J. Harding (last year's winner) third.

G. Calder won the one-lap open race in 47 4-5 sec.; and in the 440 yards members' handicap the honours went to G. Blakesley, who had 48 yards start. The half-mile open handicap very deservedly fell to little Wills, who is in rattling form this season. He won very cleverly from Meredith (to whom he was conceding 10 yards), only a few inches dividing them when the line was crossed. H. D. Buck

the tug-of-war was easily won by the St. John's team. So the shield goes to Battersea.

It was a pity that the six-hours race at Herne Hill had to be abandoned owing to the lack of sufficient starters on Saturday, and though a hundred-miles race was substituted the interest was nothing like so great as would have been centred in the original fixture. W. J. Pett, the N.C.U. fifty-miles champion, F. T. Burgess, and S. Ascott went to the post, and the first named held the lead until well over half the distance had been covered. Then Burgess went ahead, and Pett being troubled with a puncture, he retired, and left Burgess to win "by a street" from Ascott. Burgess's time was 3 hours 42 min. 40 2-5 sec.

GOLF.

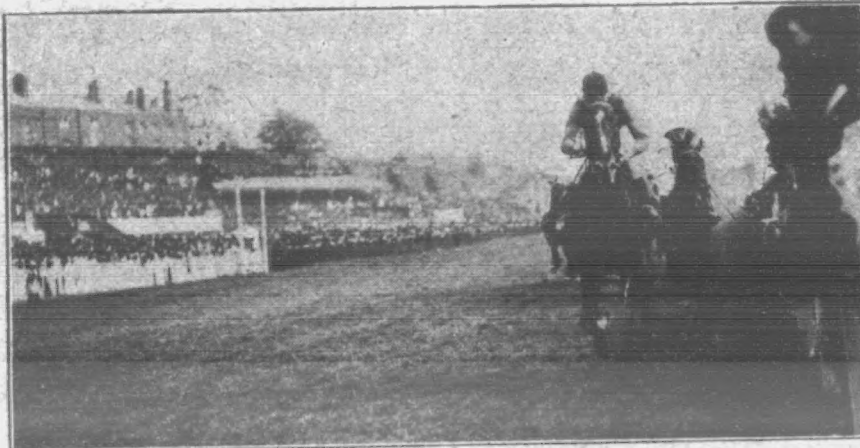
There was quite a gathering of champions at Chingford last Saturday, when Harry Vardon, J. H. Taylor, and Alexander Herd, together with the local professional, A. H. Toogood, met in a tournament over the West Essex Club's links. To the general surprise and gratification of the spectators, Toogood tied with Taylor for first place in the singles, going round the course in 78. Herd's score was 79, and Vardon's 81. In the play-off, Toogood won with a score of 73. Later in the day, Vardon and Toogood opposed the other pair of cracks in a foursome, Taylor and Herd being beaten by 4 up and 3 to play.

The series of international ladies' matches was brought to a close last Saturday, when the representatives of Scotland beat the Irishwomen by seven to two—one match being halved. As Miss Glover, the Scottish lady champion, was brought into opposition to Miss Rhona Adair, the open champion, there was naturally a deal of excitement attaching to the match, and the play was so close that the enthusiasm increased as the match proceeded. Miss Adair stood one up at the fifteenth hole, but the Scottish champion became square at the seventeenth, and finally won by one hole. Miss May Hezlett maintains her form well, and was victorious over the local lady, Miss Whigham.

Royalty seem bent on giving their countenance to sport of all kinds. Their Majesties have "done" a lot of racing lately, and within the past few days Prince Valdemar and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark have attended football at Copenhagen, and Princess Alexandra of Teck, accompanied by the Prince, has opened the new links of the North Hants Golf Club at Fleet, near Aldershot. Although the course is at present only one of nine holes, it is hoped to extend it to the full eighteen holes at the end of this year.

Quite a formidable list of big political names figured in the entry for the Parliamentary handicap. The one hundred and eleven entrants included three members of the Cabinet—Messrs. A. J. Balfour, Graham Murray, and Hon. Alfred Lyttelton—and there were a dozen peers. Of the weather the contestants spoke in anything but complimentary terms, and it was partly due to the incessant rain in the morning and early afternoon that over twenty scratchings were recorded.

The Prime Minister had an easy journey into the third round, and so also did Mr. Lyttelton, who ousted Mr. A.



THE RACE FOR THE CHESTER CUP: THE SECOND TIME ROUND, MARK TIME LEADING.

contemporaneous with him. Shrubbs, who represented the South London Harriers, covered the three miles in 14 min. 48 1-5 sec., but the next four places were occupied by Highgate Harriers, whose club scored an easy triumph in the struggle for team honours. In the handicaps the "cracks" were so heavily penalised that none of them got first place, though Blunden in the 300 yards event finished well up with L. J. de B. Reed, and beat J. Binks for second place. H. C. Bailey won the two miles walk, S. Dunn the half-mile cycle race, and W. R. Pitts the one mile "wheel" event.

A chilly afternoon rendered things anything but pleasant at the Crystal Palace, where the Polytechnic Cycling Club brought off a most successful meeting. The entries

was third, and A. L. Reed (scratch) fourth. Will's time was 1 min. 4-5 sec.

Inter-collegiate contests always arouse plenty of healthy enthusiasm, and there was an abundance of that commodity on Saturday at Stamford Bridge. The training colleges' sports drew an excellent crowd, and evidently the victory achieved by St. John's was very popular. For a long time it looked as though Borough Road were going to make a bold bid for first place; but in the later events on the card St. John's ran clean away and won by 24 points; Borough Road being second with 153, and St. Mark's third with 9. J. George took both the mile and the half-mile for the winners, W. Toomer the quarter, J. W. Malden the long jump, and P. Holman the weight, while

The Duchess of Devonshire. The Queen. Lord Dudley. The King.



THE KING'S IRISH VISIT: THE ROYAL HOUSE-PARTY AT THE VICEREGAL LODGE.

Photo. D. Arca.

Gray and Lord Newton in the first two rounds. Mr. Eric Hambro and Mr. H. W. Forster, the famous old Oxonian, also got through, but Mr. Herbert Gladstone and Mr. Hayes Fisher were numbered with the slain in the second round.

ROWING.

Good, solid, hard work has been the order at Cambridge in the practice for the May Eights, every one of the crews having now settled down, in spite of the alterations made in one or two of the boats. R. V. Powell has not assisted Third Trinity, but that College has a pretty "thick" lot of representatives, including as they do J. Edwards-Moss (the University President), P. H. Thomas, and B. G. Johnstone. At Oxford, also, oarsmen have been busy, excellent form being shown by Magdalen (who won the Ladies' Plate at Henley last year), New College, and University.

POLO.

An admirable game was played by the London team opposed to the Rifle Brigade (Chatham) at the Crystal Palace last Saturday. They won by five goals to one—Hon. L. Bruce securing two, and W. H. Grey, J. Parsons, and D. Watson one goal each for the winners. Captain Thompson secured the only point for the Brigade, whose other players were Hon. R. C. Prettie, H. C. Scott, and R. Tryon.

THE RACING WORLD.

WE have to be very fit if we would keep pace with our great engagements, which come in such thick succession that one is scarcely through one before time is called for the next. Look at last week. A Chester Cup used to be considered quite enough for a week's work, counting in other events of the Cestrian meeting. Where were we after Chester? Why, only given just space enough to pack up our traps and scamper off to Sunbury to assist at the Kempton Park Company's big programme of Friday and Saturday. After the rush and bustle of that important spell of Metropolitan racing, Newmarket was looked to as a sort of haven of rest. So it was bound to be in a way, but the Newmarket Stakes invested it with weight that forbade your thinking of taking the fixture as a holiday "off" affair.

It requires much to draw people to Newmarket at all, for ordinary racing folk cannot stand the expenses incidental to a trip to Headquarters. The Two Thousand Guineas, Cesarewitch, and Cambridgeshire are sure to account for large gatherings on the Heath. The Jockey Club Stakes, the Princess of Wales's Stakes, and others, such as the Middle Park Plate, Dewhurst Plate, and so on, are



RACING AT CHESTER: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE RINGS AND STANDS.

First stood ready to hand. Still, I believe in making excuses for winners. Accordingly, while not contradicting the views of those who said that Henry the First was not nearly ready at the First Spring Meeting, and John o' Gaunt unlucky, I put against those pleas one for improvement, the considerable margin by which Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's fine colt gained his victory would not be easily wiped off by the others coming on as expected. Moreover, according to my reading of the race, St. Amant might have won by double the distance recorded had Kempton Cannon pleased.

Writing, as I am obliged to this week, before the event, I stand to be proved wrong. All I can say is that I shall be truly disappointed if things work out otherwise than as I expect. At the same time the opposition stables showed plenty of confidence. Anyway, the triangular duel was of a particularly attractive nature, and you heard of any number

last week in that the "vet." would not pass the horse sound for a bumper in India. It is no good taking horses with doubtful joints to that country, but when one does stand plenty of work on a dicky joint he generally lasts as well as the unblemished will.

Ypsilanti was not objected to, but might well have been, and I very much doubt whether he ought not to have been



THE JUBILEE STAKES: YPSILANTI (DILLON UP) RETURNING TO SCALE.

responsible for an accession of company above average; but you cannot, as a rule, put the Newmarket Stakes on their platform, or, if that is done, you reach the limit in complimentary assessment. Now this year the race was invested with interest greater, classically speaking, than any of the year so far. The Guineas was well enough in its way, but could scarcely compare with this, because we took the former running as only tentative with horses expected to be no more than partially fit, and appearing green, so to speak, for the first time out in the season. Now we had to discriminate among them, after being able to dismiss all hearsay, and remain and look at their claims by the light of a public trial.

Undoubtedly this was a far more exhaustive test of English three-year-olds' abilities than the Two Thousand, and whichever won would be entitled to rank as champion for the Old Country to do battle against France. Gouvernante has been pleasing the Frenchmen, so has Ajax, and our friends over the way make no secret of the belief that they have at least two better than our best. Which was the pick of our basket? St. Amant appeared to me to have qualified for that position, and accordingly I stood him for the Newmarket Stakes. I am perfectly aware that the best calculations are only too readily upset in racing, and that good excuses for John o' Gaunt and Henry the

of sportsmen who seldom indeed find their way to Newmarket, except for the First Spring, Second October, and Craven Meetings, laying themselves out to see this Newmarket Stakes.

A curious thing, is it not, the Druid's Lodge stable seldom getting hold of a "classic" performer, not to say winner? Handicaps they land, and with weights proving their representatives to be right up among the top form; but when do you hear of their Derby, Oaks, Guineas, or Leger horses, or for that matter, other great weight-for-age contests? If they do not turn out that sort they do probably better—namely, win big handicaps at fine prices, such as you scarcely dream of in the other sort of business. And now Fallon has a popular idol in Ypsilanti, who was bought out of a selling race from Mr. Croker. When an animal achieves a series of victories of any sort on one particular racecourse, he grows popular, and the more so should his scores be made with repeated wins in the same race. Old Victor Wild was at Kempton a perfect little tin god. To Ypsilanti has fallen Victor's mantle, and he will live long in folk's memory. What is more, Ypsilanti is not done with yet, and on the principle of horses for courses we may see him cutting record at Sunbury. I, for one, shall not miss him, no matter the weight he has to carry, should he be racing there again. He may go abroad; but I should rather doubt that now. His owner was fortunate



Photo, W. A. Rouch.

FALLON,

THE TRAINER OF YPSILANTI, WINNER OF THE JUBILEE STAKES.

disqualified. He gave Cerisier very little room in the last half-furlong, and the boy on the latter lost the race on that account. We saw sensational finishes in the two big handicaps of last week. The race home with Sandboy and Mark Time for the Chester Cup made a great impression; so did Vril's finishing up St. Day at Kempton in the May Plate. Judges stared when they saw Vril, who had been beaten at 23 lb. by Housewife, saunter away from Darling's good thing. Lane can give MacIntyre plenty of weight, but, allowing for such consideration, how could Vril be made pretty nearly up to Derby form, if not quite?—BENDIGO.

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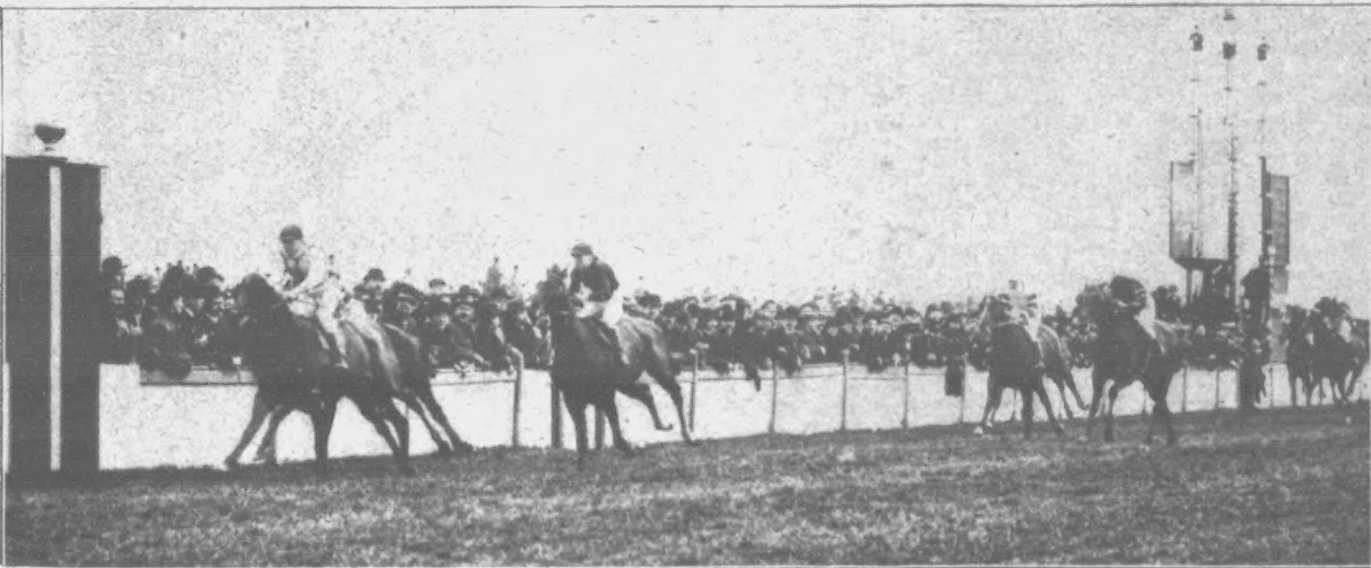


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THE FINISH OF THE JUBILEE STAKES: YPSILANTI BEATING CERISIER, WITH GENERAL CRONJE THIRD.

"THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM," AT THE NEW THEATRE.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."



JAPAN'S GREAT LAND VICTORY: HOW THE RUSS

(See "The Story of the" on p. 1)





C. Dudley Tennant

HOW THE RUSSIAN GUNS WERE CAPTURED ON MAY 1.

(See "The Story of the" on Pages 306, 307.)

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

A CORRESPONDENT who wishes to be known as "Puzzle-Headed" asks me to explain to her the exact meaning of the "Directoire style" in dress. A friend who writes to her from Paris says that it is "all the rage" there, but she does not explain what it is. It is, to put it shortly, rather more simple than the puffed and flounced mode of which we see so much in the shop-windows, if nowhere else, just now. You may have seen a well-cut plain skirt without trimming, and a coat to match made like a habit, but cut Princess-fashion—that is, bodice and basque all in one, and the latter reaching to more than half-way between waist and knee, and cut to fit without a wrinkle. This coat opens in front to show

A Plain or Fancy Waistcoat;

lace ruffles fall over the wrists, and a fussy arrangement of lace is worn at the throat. A gown made in that style is Directoire; but it does not suit every woman; it is rather too severe. Indeed, it requires a perfect figure to show it off to the best advantage. But the style of the early years of the reign of the late Queen is quite as much worn in Paris as the Directoire, and it is more popular in England. Foulards will be made with full skirts and many little frills;

Bradford, which took place last week. The Princess has always a stock of dresses for herself made of these very beautiful goods; indeed, she makes a point of encouraging home industries. I wish more of the rich Englishwomen would follow her excellent example.

Our illustration shows a tea-gown in taffetas with fashionable sleeves and gauged velvet trimming.

I get letters very frequently from readers of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* who are puzzled about

The Choice of Furniture

for a new home or for refurnishing a room or rooms. I do not, as a rule, advise upon the subject, because, for the most part, I do not know the shape or size of the rooms or the colours of the wallpapers. Carpets, window-curtains, and the coverings of chairs and sofas must not "swear," as it is called, at the wallpapers. Fatal mistakes are often made, to begin with, in the selection of carpets, and few women are aware that the lamp-shades should match or harmonise with the carpets, hangings, and wallpapers. I have often seen

A Pretty Room Ruined

by the fact that crimson or green lamp or candle-shades have been chosen haphazard. Any one of my readers who wishes to have her



A FASHIONABLE TEA-GOWN

and the women who wish to be very much up to date will have the sleeves of their new frocks for summer wear made just to the elbow and covered all over with narrow frills; then from elbow to wrist there will be a full puff of white silk or muslin, covered, perhaps, with lace; and the yoke, which is now cut to reach over the top of the arm, will be of the same material as the

Puff on the Sleeve.

Frocks made in this way look very smart, but it is of no use to save them up, for by next season the style will not be worn. The foulards are prettier this season than they were last. The dark-blue satin foulards with white spots look very well when made up, and they are only 1s. 11½d. a yard. Last year large, sprawling patterns were in favour, and they looked vulgar in my opinion, but this year the designs are more elegant and ladylike. Fine all-wool materials, for wear on cool summer days, can be bought in great variety, and very pretty they are. Later, if the weather is hot and dry, there will be a rush for canvas and muslin frocks by the young people: young girls look so well in muslins and pretty hats. Silk voile and our old friend wool voile will remain in favour, for both of these materials

Stand Wear and Tear

far better than muslin. English-made materials, such as the looms of Bradford turn out, will get a good "boom" from the visit of the Princess of Wales to the Exhibition at

rooms perfect should betake herself to 3, Thackeray Street—a turning off Kensington Square, which is reached by Young Street, a turning out of Kensington High Street by Barker's—and there she will be able to order lamp-shades to match her carpets, curtains, etc., made of paper or silk, or in cardboard with flowers upon it, in the fashionable Empire shape. There is a pretty little show-room at No. 3, and three sisters do all the work.

I have read lately a discussion upon the following subject: "Do women dress to please and attract men, or to vie with other women and outshine them?" I think that some women dress very often to please and

Attract One Particular Man,

but very often a woman will get a new frock which she could do without, because some other woman is certain to have a new gown of the latest fashion at some garden or dinner party to which both have been invited; and one woman cannot endure the thought of being less smartly dressed than another. The majority of women know very well that men, as a rule, do not know whether a dress is new or old, and in the very latest fashion or a month behind. He takes the whole appearance of the costume—not the details. He might notice, perhaps, if the woman whom he admired had soiled or shabby gloves on, but he would not know if her skirt was plain when all other skirts were trimmed.

MARGUERITE.

"P.I.P." Farmer and Gardener.

Sulphur as an Insect-Destroyer.

TO burn sulphur in a poultry-house, first remove all combustible matter. Then put an old iron kettle into a dish-pan, and place on four bricks in the middle of the house. In the kettle put some cobs which have been soaked in a solution of one part of pine tar to four parts of kerosene; sprinkle the sulphur over the cobs and set on fire. Be sure to have everything arranged so to beat a hasty retreat from the room, and close the door quickly, as the sulphur fumes are suffocating. Sulphur burnt in this manner will penetrate every crevice as well as covering the surface, and aids wonderfully in purifying the building and in destroying poultry vermin. One pint of turpentine may be added to the half gallon of kerosene as well as the pine tar with beneficial results. Once a month is none too often to burn sulphur in every poultry-house.

An All-Round Sporting Dog.

The short description of a sporting spaniel given a few weeks ago has brought me several inquiries, among the



AN IRISH WATER SPANIEL.

number being one for a picture of an Irish water-spaniel, a variety not too well known on this side of the Channel. From a print which I happen to possess I am able to have a sketch drawn of a very typical specimen of the breed. No wild-fowling party is complete without a dog of this variety, and, considering its great utility, I am surprised that it is not more popular in England. In the South I know of but two or three good kennels of the variety—one in the neighbourhood of Woolwich containing a fine team of working dogs, while Mr. J. Holgate, of Surbiton, has another batch he keeps for exhibition purposes. On account of their appearance these spaniels always attract attention where shown, and, by reason of their eariness, puppies command good prices, especially if bred from working parents.

Chicken-Rearing—Regularity in Feeding.

Chickens are very early risers, and have generally good appetites, therefore they should have an early breakfast. In summer they will be thoroughly awake at four o'clock. It is a good plan to place a little food within easy reach of them after dark the previous night, so that when they pass out in the morning they can satisfy their hunger. Long fasting is very prejudicial to their growth. As a rule, food should be given so as fully to satisfy the appetite, and no more; just as much should be put before the chickens as will be cleanly picked up, leaving none to be trodden into the ground and remain over. The golden rule in feeding chickens is: "Good food, little and often." Regularity must be strictly observed, for nothing throws chickens out of condition sooner than irregular feeding times. The chickens should be fed every two hours, and for the first few days, should a hen be running with them, she should be allowed to partake of the same food, as from her long seclusion and constant sitting she will be in a low condition and want "toning." The first feed in the morning should be given as soon after daylight as possible, and then at intervals as stated, a last meal being given by lamp or candle light, as late as ten p.m. Leaving the seed overnight, as previously advocated, must not be an excuse for being a bit late with their morning feed, as the seed does not compensate them for their early breakfast, which should be warm and comforting. From a fortnight old to six weeks feed every three hours, and after that four times a day till they reach maturity. When about a month old special care must be bestowed on the chicks, as they will be casting their downy or nest feathers for full-grown ones; and as this is a continuous drain upon their system they must be well nourished till they are safely through what may be termed their first moult. Any waster cockerels should be killed when they are from twelve to sixteen weeks old, as they make bone and feather much faster during this period, and they often lose a lot of breast meat. In this country, where milk is cheap, curd, of which chickens are very fond, may be given. A little alum in the new milk will cause it to curdle immediately.

Polo-Ponies.

My Devon correspondent, "Exe," who is anxious to obtain information as to finding a market for unbroken ponies, should scan the columns of papers which give attention to sport, and polo in particular. An occasional note to the managers of the leading clubs might also be of use—the only one I know in his district is Mr. Arundell Clarke, Fremington, Barnstaple. The measurement of these ponies, I may remind my correspondent, is very strictly enforced, not a single animal over 14½ being admitted to the Hurlingham register, although many of them certainly look over the height named. When passed their value is considerably added to. Only recently I knew of one for sale as a hack at 60 guineas. There was a doubt as to his height, but on being passed by the Hurlingham measurer 110 guineas was asked for him. He was well



A POLO PONY.

worth the money, too, being useful in the field. I will be pleased to return to this subject on hearing further from my correspondent.

All Rural Readers

should make it a point to order *The Penny Illustrated Paper* to be sent them by their newagents regularly every Friday morning. Don't leave it to chance. Order it in advance to prevent disappointment.

N.B.—The "P.I.P. Farmer" will be pleased to reply to rural questions sent to him through the Editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 198, Strand, W.C.

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IF LOVE WERE ALL;

OR,

The Secret of Elverton Manor.

BY ANNIE O. TIBBITS,

AUTHOR OF "TEMPTED,"

"THE CASE OF SYRIL SHEPPINGHAM," "AN UGLY MYSTERY,"
"THE LORD OF LAMMAS," "HER LAST ADVENTURE," ETC.

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE next two days passed like a nightmare to Dick. They were full of horrors, of ghastly details and hateful questions. He had an ugly remembrance of the inquest afterwards, of the men who came to look at the dead body of Roger Fairfax in the library, of the country inn and a crowd of curious faces, and of May's, white and terrible and clear above the rest.

He remembered it afterwards with a quick pain at his heart. What a white face it was! It looked so unlike the terror-stricken face he had seen in the avenue on the night of the murder that he could scarcely believe it was the same. He could not understand her. She stood facing them all, with her eyes so clear and innocent that he could not realise that he had seen her with Roger's blood on her hands! She offered no word in explanation, and did not even seem surprised or upset when the coroner's jury brought in a verdict against her. She stood quite still, strangely still and rigid when they accused her, and her steps did not falter when they took her out.

Dick sat motionless. The crowded faces were swimming round him, and the voices that spoke to him had no sense or meaning in his ears. He sat staring vacantly before him, trying to think what to do—trying, even though he knew her to be guilty, to find some way of escape for her—to save her even now!

There seemed no way. Lady Fairfax's evidence was enough. She had seen her talking to the dead man half an hour before Dick had found him by the pool. Martha had seen them too, and swore that they were quarrelling; and that was enough to justify her arrest on suspicion while they hunted up other evidence against her. Dick awaited with shrinking fear the facts which he felt would come out sooner or later—the identity of the supposed Roger Fairfax, and May's attempt to stab him in the studio. Every hour almost he suspected to hear that they had brought down the housekeeper from Clarence House, and with every messenger he expected to hear that some more hideous facts had come to light.

He spent the day pacing up and down like a caged beast, and in spite of the damning facts against her, and in spite of all he knew, he would have given everything he possessed to save her.

The hours dragged by, and tea-time came at last, and with it Lady Fairfax. She looked a little white. Perhaps the black of her dress took the colour from her face and threw a shadow over it; but anyhow, the old brilliant look had gone.

Her eyes travelled hungrily to Dick as she came down the wide staircase, and for an instant as she crossed the hall towards him she seemed breathless.

The butler had put the silver tray on a small oak table in a corner by the window. There was a deep and luxurious window-seat close to it, and Lady Fairfax went up to Dick and drew him towards it.

He looked at her, and the pallor of her face startled him.

"Oh," he cried: "this wretched business is making you ill."

He felt her hand tremble on his arm.

"No, no," she said; "I am all right. Come and have tea."

She dropped into the seat with her back to the window and with her eyes burning bright on Dick.

"Sit close to me," she said. "Let me feel you near me. I am as nervous as a cat lately. These things frighten me so."

She shuddered a little and gave a hurried glance across the hall. It was a great place, full of dark oak furniture, and the light was never good at the best of times; but now the sun was beginning to get low, and the hall began to look gloomy.

"I wish we could get away from here," she said in a half whisper. "I hate the place, Dick; and if you would only take me away—"

He turned uneasily. Last night, with the horror fresh upon him and with the memory of May, white-faced and guilty as he had seen her, he had been on the point of asking Lady Fairfax to marry him directly it was all over. Now, however, his love for May was foremost again, and at that moment he scarcely cared what happened—he loved her! Come what might, be what she might, he loved her, and he would have risked everything to carry her away from it all if he could.

He stared across the darkening hall.

"It is a miserable business," he said slowly. "It is horrible, but it will be over in a little while, and then—"

He drew a deep breath. Lady Fairfax leapt forward.

"And then?" she echoed.

He got up suddenly.

"Then!" he cried hoarsely. "Oh, God knows what then!"

He strode across the floor to the door and flung it open. The place had become unbearable to him. He could not breathe.

He stood for an instant staring out at the long avenue with his face stiff and grey and his lips set. Lady Fairfax watched him wildly, and then, with a sudden breathless movement, she started to her feet and ran towards him. She peered into his face.

"Are you going out, Dick?" she asked.

"Yes, I think so," he answered hoarsely. "The house is intolerable. It stifles me. And to think that May—"

He broke off; and Lady Fairfax fell back with her face white and dark. She was losing him after all. His thoughts were still with the white-faced girl in Elverton Prison, and in time, perhaps, he might hate her for ever giving evidence against her.

A sudden presentiment seized her, a sudden feeling that if he went out now she would lose him for ever—a feeling that she must not let him out of her sight.

She put her hands upon his arm—soft, timid, clinging hands that looked small and helpless against his black coat.

Perhaps if he had seen them and her beautiful, pleading face turned up to him he might have acted differently, but his eyes were turned away and he did not look at her.

"Oh! don't go, Dick," she whispered. "I shall be so lonely. I'm miserable, Dick, and I want you here. Don't go."

He turned uncomfortably.

"I won't be long," he said. "I won't go outside the park, but I must have a walk. I haven't been outside the house to-day."

Her white fingers still clung to his black coat.

"Stay and have some tea first!" she cried. "Just a cup! I—I want to talk to you!"

She might have succeeded at any other moment but that, for he was deaf to everything but the sudden passionate longing in his heart for May. He was blind to Lady Fairfax's beauty and to the pleading in her voice, and he wanted to be alone.

"Don't press me now," he said. "Let me walk off some of my wretchedness. I'll come back in half an hour."

She let go her hold of him slowly and he turned to get his hat.

"I really will be back very quickly," he said; "but I can't think in the house."

His eyes fell on her face, and the ghastly pallor of it startled him again.

"Promise you won't be long!" she cried hurriedly. "Promise you'll come back—to me!"

He promised, his eyes unseeing on her face. She looked ill, and somehow desperate, and there was something in her face which he could not understand. For an instant he hesitated. She loved him, and why should he torment himself over a girl who was guilty of a foul and horrible crime? Why did he not hate her?

He could not answer the question. He only knew that before the memory of May's thin white face Lady Fairfax's beautiful one paled and dimmed.

He turned away abruptly, and went hurriedly across the gravel. Lady Fairfax watched him with her hands clenched at her side. Her white lips moved.

"Dick—Dick—I have lost you!"

She stood quite still—she might have been an image made of stone, and the fading sunlight seemed to throw strange and terrible shadows over her face.

It was so strange that Martha, coming abruptly across the hall towards her, started when she saw it. A cry escaped her lips, and she darted forward.

"My bairn—my bairn, what is it?" she cried.

Lady Fairfax turned mechanically, like a doll on a pivot. She stared vacantly before her at the shadows above Martha's head.

"Lost!" she said in a whisper. "Lost!"

Martha turned with a start to see who was in the hall behind her: but it was empty, and she turned back again quickly.

"Oh, hush, hush!" she cried. "You're talking folly, and don't know what you're saying, and—why, how cold your hands are! Oh, my bairn, my bairn, what is the matter?"

She held Lady Fairfax's fingers fiercely in her hand, rough ones, and looked up with haggard, frightened eyes into her ghastly face.

"What is the matter, my bairn? For God's sake, speak!"

Lady Fairfax clung to her strangely, her smooth, white fingers clutching at the old woman's shawl.

"Martha, Martha, I've lost him!" she cried wildly. "Something tells me he won't come back the same. He has gone out—and gone for ever from me. Oh, Dick! Oh, Dick!"

She flung out her arms passionately, and Martha stared at her for a moment with a stupid, dazed look on her grim face. Then she caught her hand again.

"Oh, my dear, this is nonsense," she cried. "You don't know what you're saying. You're only upset and nervous. Come upstairs to your own room and rest."

Lady Fairfax pushed her away.

"No, no," she cried breathlessly. "I must wait. Leave me alone. I must wait till he comes back. Half an hour he said. I must stay here for him. Oh, Martha, I only want him! I shan't care for anything else, and I shall have him; oh, say I shall have him!"

She turned fiercely on the old woman, clutching her shoulders and staring down wildly into her face.

"You know—I've had everything I wanted—all my life," she said gaspingly. "I always got things, and everything I set my heart on came sooner or later. Don't shiver like that, Martha. I've won through everything, and I shall win through this."

She lifted herself up again sharply, and her eyes searched the shadows defiantly, but when they came back to Martha's face again there was

a frightened look in them, and a blue tinge had spread across her face.

"I shall win through this," she repeated, "and I only get nervous because—because I suppose I've gone through so much." Her voice sank to a whisper.

"They say," she went on quickly, "that the more one goes through the less one feels; but it's not true. You'd think I should have no feelings by this time, but I have—I think I'm going mad or getting old or something; but I could scream, Martha, and I never used to be hysterical."

She put her hands quickly over her face with a shudder, and Martha cast a frightened look round.

"My dear, my dear," she cried, "come up to your own room. You'll be better there."

Lady Fairfax roused herself.

"No, no; leave me. I want to be alone—by myself. I want to wait for Dick—for Dick!"

An odd sound like a sob escaped her lips, and she moved over swiftly to the window with the fading sunlight upon it. She knelt down on the window-seat and pressed her face to the panes.

"Oh, Dick—oh, Dick, my darling, make haste! I'm frightened," she cried. "You will come back to me—you will—you shall!"

Martha stood looking at her dumbly—at her crouching figure in the pale yellow light, at her face, wild and white, pressed against the panes, and there came to her an ugly terror.

She went slowly across the hall.

"If you'd only come away!" she cried bitterly. "Oh, my bairn, my bairn, put him out of your head and come away!"

Lady Fairfax shook her off impatiently.

"I must wait for Dick," she said in an odd, level voice. "I shall wait for him—if it is all my life!"

CHAPTER XX.

DICK turned through the gardens and then out into the open park. He walked quickly and blindly, without knowing where he was going. He wanted to think, but out in the open air his thoughts seemed as hopelessly muddled as they were indoors, and May, white and ill, seemed to be before him as he walked. He could not get rid of it, and he went on and on, dreaming of her, and almost forgetting that she was a murderess and that he was ready to lie to save her.

He found himself at last suddenly at the bottom of the avenue, with the thick trees, heavy and shadowy, stretching gloomily before him.

He hesitated before he walked up towards the house. He hated the avenue and would have gone round it if he could; but it was too far, and he decided to go on and strike across the meadow when he reached the pool. By doing that, he could just avoid the corner where he had found the murdered man lying, and he went resolutely on into the shadow.

He passed the part where he had seen May on that hideous night, and he hurried on shivering. Another fifty yards would bring him to the pool, and he stared forward through the semi-darkness as though he imagined he might see again the hideous silent figure he had seen there a couple of nights ago.

No figure lay on the ground to-night, however. The space was empty, and the sun, sinking slowly in the meadow beyond, had not yet cast its red light on the water.

He crossed quickly to the little wicket-gate which led to a short cut across the field to the house, and then stopped suddenly with a start.

A figure—an odd white figure in some light material—had suddenly risen from the edge of the pond, and was standing with clasped hands looking down at the water.

Dick stared almost breathlessly. It was a girl, small and slight, with fair hair that looked almost golden in the fading sunlight.

Dick looked at her again, and his heart began to beat quickly. There was something oddly familiar in her figure, something that set his blood coursing fiercely through his body, and that made his brain swim stupidly for a moment. It was May!

He went forward unsteadily, peering at her through the dusk with wide incredulous eyes. May there? It was impossible! He was mad, dreaming! It was a ghost he saw!

He went nearer, treading softly as if he dreaded to startle her. She did not move. She stood motionless on the pond, her eyes staring down into the dark depths and her hands clasped tightly before her.

Dick went up close to her before she turned, and then apparently she did not see him, for she wrung her hands suddenly and began walking back down the avenue.

Dick roused himself and went towards her. He had scarcely recognised her on the night of the murder, but now, thin and pale and ill, she looked less like his May than ever.

He put out his hand and touched her.

"May!" he cried, "what brings you here? How in Heaven's name did you manage to escape?"

She turned, and Dick drew a sharp breath when he saw her close. Her face was like stone; her eyes were wide open and vacant.

"I thought I had found him," she said in a whisper. "I thought I saw him dead; but he isn't here. I cannot find him. Oh, what shall I do if I cannot find him?"

Dick fell back. He understood now, and to the other horrors a fresh horror was added. The girl he loved was mad!

He looked blindly and dazedly into her wide and vacant eyes, and some of the horror gave way to a feeling of bewilderment. He could not understand either her madness or her escape from Elverton Prison.

He put out his hand and touched her.

"You must let me take you home," he said gently. "My poor little girl!"

She looked up at him vacantly.

"You speak like Paul," she whispered. "Who are you?"

It was as if she had thrust cold steel into his heart, and he fell away again.

"Oh, May, can't you tell me anything?" he cried. "What had you to do with Paul? What was he to you?"

She still stared at him, but an odd change came over her face, a frightened look came to her eyes.

"What did you say about May?" she asked. "You mustn't tell her. You must never let her know that you found me here—she would be angry, and lecture me. She is never really angry, but her face frightens me sometimes. She looks as if I hurt her, and I never would do that; but I must find Paul."

She turned away again, and Dick gave a hoarse cry of bewilderment, surprise, and relief. This was not May—not his May, after all! He was beginning to see, beginning to understand vaguely, though it still seemed bewildering and incomprehensible; and he took a quick step forward.

"For heaven's sake tell me who you are!" he cried; but the words died in his throat.

The girl was staring wildly at the shadowy trees behind him and waving her hands to keep something away.

"No, no—no, no!" she cried. "I can't go home yet. I shall soon find him now. Oh, don't take me yet!"

Dick turned quickly to find Miss Manisty, May's housekeeper, running towards them. She was breathless and dishevelled, and her face was haggard.

"Oh, Florry, Florry, how could you?" she cried. "My dear girl—my poor dear child, you won't find him here."

She took her hand in hers and then glanced sharply at Dick. She half drew away from him, but he stopped her.

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Manisty, tell me what it all means!" he cried hoarsely.

She hesitated, with a keen look at his tired face and honest eyes, and her lip quivered.

"Oh, it's hard to know what to do," she cried. "I want somebody to advise me. Oh, I know you loved May, and if you'd only help us now—"

He thrust out his hands.

"Give me the chance," he cried. "It's what I want. I love May—I love her still, and I'd give my life to save her."

Miss Manisty cast another glance at him and then took a step forward down the avenue, with her hand holding Florry's tightly.

"You must come home with me, then," she said slowly. "We'll take Florry. Oh, God knows, I'm at my wits' end to know what to do!"

Dick went forward.

"Well, let me try to help you," he said. "Let me come home with you now and see if we can find a way out of it."

Miss Manisty acquiesced in silence. She took Florry's listless arm in her own and began walking slowly.

"We mustn't go fast," she explained in a whisper. "You see yourself how ill she looks? She is—terribly ill, but until just lately May couldn't believe it. She can't see it, and I've said many a time that if anything happened things would be awkward, but May wouldn't have it. She has lived for her. All her life has been sacrificed for her, and now—now it looks almost as if she may die for her!"

Her voice broke in a sob. Dick set his teeth.

"No, no," he cried. "We'll find some way out. I begin to see—to understand." He glanced quickly, with his breath coming sharply, at Florry's vacant white face, and he understood that it was her: he had seen on the night of the murder—that it was Florry, not May, who had come running down the avenue with blood on her hands; and the ugly business seemed to grow more hideous still.

They walked on as quickly as possible towards the Romans. It took some time, for Florry was in a delicate state of health, and once or twice she half fainted.

"Couldn't I carry her?" Dick suggested at last, and Miss Manisty nodded silently. Florry seemed to understand nothing, and once Dick took her in his arms she seemed to fall asleep.

"She'll be like that for hours," said Miss Manisty; "and the doctor in London said that some day she'd die in her sleep. But May would never believe it. Poor May! She promised her mother on her death-bed that she'd stick to Florry through thick and thin, and never let anyone know about her, and she kept her word. She's sacrificed everything for her."

Dick looked down at the senseless girl in his arms, and a pang went through him. She looked so white, so frail, so helpless. She was as light as a feather and apparently as strengthless, and yet she had committed a crime that had placed her sister's life in jeopardy.

Dick shuddered. This little mad girl who had like death in his arms was ruining two lives at least.

"Don't look at her like that," Miss Manisty said suddenly. "She has suffered, and you'll feel sorry for her when you know. She's had a hard time, but I can't tell you now. There's no knowing if she might hear, and she is always mad. Sometimes she's as right as you or me, and then we have to be careful."

They reached the little white house at last, and Dick carried his burden in carefully to a small room at the top—an attic.

"I had hard work to hide her when the detectives came," Miss Manisty said. "But we had been warned—we knew what to expect, and May knew they would arrest her. Nobody



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